

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1861.

DRACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 315 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1865.

Price 25 Cts. A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Sold, 20 Cts.
Single Number 5 Cents.

MIGNONETTE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST KELL.

I.

What may I do, dear one, to thee,
Mid all the world's turmoil and strife?
Something apart to glad thy heart,
Some little flower set in thy life?
Ah, let me be thy Mignonette,
White, pure and sweet, and sweeter yet
If crushed by thy dear feet,
But, ah, most sweet
If laid where it might feel thy warm heart beat!

II.

Thou, thou shalt claim hereafter crowns of Fame,
But weary, very weary is that road,—
While days are dear, ere those far crowns come near,
And thou art fainting 'neath a lone life's load,
Then on thy Mignonette look down,
Still sweet and true although not any crown,
Still smiling in thy face
In happy grace,
So happy just because it is thine own.

III.

If laid aside for glory's wreaths untied,
Yet laurel wreaths have many a sharp leaf,
And when they press too rough for happiness,
Then clasp thy flower that never caused thee grief,—
Thy own true Mignonette
That ne'er forgets thee, though thou mayst forget,
But waits trustfully,
Giving its little life all up to thee,
And happier so than a king's joy to be!

IV.

O, pride, O, bliss! if thou wilt call me this,
A pure white blossom ever in thy life,
Still sweet and true whatever fate may do,
In any nook thou wishest, glad to wait,
And glowing in thy glory though it be
But lying there
Higher away from me;
For some day yet
I know thou wouldst thank Heaven for Mignonette.

V.

And if thou diest,—ah! could such woe betide!
Then it should speed its sweetness on thy tomb,
And cluster round the holy, precious ground,
To guard it if a careless foot should come.
If any plucked a single leaf from thither,
The leaf would wither,
For all its sweetness
It offers up to thee in pure completeness.

VI.

O, then, I pray thee, let thy Mignonette
Be proud and happy near thee all life through!
But if all flowers also be dearer to thee,
'Tis but a little thing thou hast to do.
I lay me at thy feet,
White, pure and sweet,
Tread on me, crush me, it will bring thee nigh;
Death given by thee is sweet,—O, make me die!

A RASH PROMISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHAPTER I.

"Must you really leave to-morrow, Mr. Talbot?"
"I must indeed, Miss Laura."
"Why is it that your business has lately become so important, while for two months past you have been able to neglect it?"
"It is not that only. There! for pity's sake, do not ask me to say again, I cannot, I dare not linger here another day."
Laura Nevill looked at the agitated face of her companion with her once soft, gray eyes, reflecting the trouble that shone so plainly in his. For two months Guy Talbot had been in Elmworth, and most of the time devoted to her. It was true his attentions had at first been paid with a certain reserve and hesitation, but of late he had sought her society, and lavished upon her every courteous service, with a sort of feverish recklessness, as if he were resolved to drown every thought in the intense pleasure her companionship evidently gave him. And Laura welcomed his visits, and blushed at his words of admiration with entire delight in the present, unconscious that there could be a cloud upon her happiness. Indeed why should there be? Guy Talbot was well off and of good family, what was there to stand in the way of a match so suitable in every respect? Already the gossip of Elmworth pronounced them engaged, and Laura daily expected to hear the words that should crown the love that she did not doubt. This evening when Guy asked her to go out riding with him she had fancied that the declaration would certainly be made before they returned to the stables. And her heart beat wildly as the little boat shot out from the land, and they two were alone on the moonlit bay, above them the deep star-spangled heavens, below

them the sparkling waters that sang a musical chime around their prow, and all about them the still, seductive beauty of a moonlight summer night.
For a long time Guy was silent, and when at last he did speak, it was only to announce his departure for New York the next day. Laura heard him with a start, and a sudden pallor came over her face. She could not conceal in her first intense disappointment and heart sickness, asking half a dozen impetuous questions regarding this sudden decision, and even after Guy had tried to make out some sense of business, feeling as little satisfied with that, as we have seen.
"I will not ask you to stay, Mr. Talbot," she said, after the brief pause that followed Guy's almost passionate entreaty to her to come from a persistence that evidently pained him deeply. "I am only sorry that I have said so much already, I beg you will forget my thoughtless words."
Laura spoke with a certain haughty coldness that contrasted strongly with her recent earnest tones. Evidently her pride was roused, and Guy for a moment ceased roving while he gazed at that lovely face so fair now in its assumed sternness, and his own brow was dark with stormy regret as he said,
"Oh, Miss Laura! you would not speak so coldly if you knew what I suffer! I must go away, I must leave you who have lately been the sunshine of my existence; pity me then, even if you blame me."
Laura looked at him once more, and as her gaze met the unmistakable anguish in his deep, dark eyes, her own face grew almost as sad as his.
"You cannot tell me what it is that distresses you?" she asked gently; and the pleading tone, the sympathetic, almost affectionate look were harder to resist than all the sternness she had endeavored to assume.
For an instant Guy hesitated—"Would to God I might speak!" he said, and in the moment of silence that followed the anguish plainly depicted in his handsome face indicated to Laura's heart at least a part of what he was suffering. But very shortly the struggle ended, and he looked up with stern resolution stamped on every feature.
"Miss Laura," he said, "you have possibly given me credit for some good qualities. When I go away, as I must to-morrow, perchance never to see you again, you will perhaps wholly condemn me, and yet I cannot by one word vindicate myself. I can only say that the one thing a man must preserve above everything else is his honor, to it he must sacrifice if need be happiness, wealth, home, yes, even life itself, or what is more than life—love!" and his voice lingered with a mournful cadence on the enchanted word. "I cannot explain to you how I am bound, or what is the cold duty that compels me to leave you, but I can beg from you a little pity."
"You have it entirely," faltered Laura, "and I am sure that you are doing what is right. I have perfect confidence in you."
"But I do not deserve it!" cried Guy passionately. "It was culpably weak on my part to permit myself to be so much with you. I have no right to please myself with any young and lovely woman, yet heaven knows I am punished for my folly in what I now suffer!"
Laura made no reply, she sat with her troubled look turned half away from her agitated companion. Was not she suffering too, and suffering as a woman must suffer, in silence!
A few more strokes of the oars brought them to the shore, and without a word Guy helped Laura out, and offering his arm to her turned away in the direction of her home. It was very near the water, and a short and silent walk brought them to the gate, then Guy spoke again.
"Miss Laura, I ought to ask you to forgive me, but may I hope that you will forgive me too?"
"I have nothing to forgive," replied Laura, in a tone she in vain struggled to render cold.
"Yes, I have pained you with my trouble, but at least I can think that you will not be injured by my folly. All the world of Elmworth will suppose when they hear of my abrupt departure, that you have refused me, and I shall be very glad to confirm the report."
"Mr. Talbot! but I cannot allow so false an idea."
"Oh, yes, Miss Laura, pray do not contradict the assertion. Let me have the satisfaction of this little sacrifice of my pride," he said bitterly. "And now I must bid you farewell forever!"
"Oh, not forever!" cried Laura, startled out of her attempt at self-possession. "We can meet at least as friends."
"I cannot," replied Guy, passionately; "I could never see you with friendly indifference, behold others devoted to you, another man winning your love!" he paused abruptly with a gesture of despair. "I could not endure any meeting with you, unless I were free—and there is scarcely a hope of that. There, Miss Laura! I only torture you and myself by my foolish words"—he went on with a sudden attempt at calmness—"Good-bye, Miss Laura, good-bye, and God bless you!"
He seized the little white hand that trembled to meet his, and pressed it once, twice, thrice passionately to his lips. Then turning away as if he feared to linger an instant longer, he

strode down the path and disappeared under the shadow of the trees at the gate.
For a moment Laura gazed after him with a look of such mingled anxiety and regret, that had he seen it, he would scarcely have come near to changing whatever hard resolution he might have formed, then rushing herself from the almost stupor into which she had sunk, she hastily entered the house and fled to her room, avoiding for the first time in her life her mother's good-night kiss and her father's kind words.
Meanwhile Guy strode on under the beautiful moonlight through the quiet village, not at once to his lodging, but walking on restlessly and aimlessly until the first fever of his excitement was somewhat allayed. Midnight found him still pacing up and down near the walk beneath the windows of Mr. Nevill's house.
"I might have been here!" he murmured to himself as he passed to gaze at the moonlight that fell in pure white folds across the darkened windows of Laura's room. "But for my own folly, I might have had as my own the purest and truest maiden I have ever met. Oh, Alicia! Alicia!" he exclaimed with sudden angry vehemence, compelling himself to utter the name, "you are indeed revenged!"
Then as if a new determination had come to him at that remembrance, he turned away. "I will go to her!" he said, "I had thought never to see her again, but I will endure one more interview for the sake of my love! Farewell, Laura!" he murmured, with one more backward glance at the quiet cottage, "there may be a hope for us yet."
Two days later Guy Talbot stood on the steps of an elegant house in New York. Although it was deep summer his summons at the bell was answered almost immediately, not indeed by the liveried footman who usually attended there, but by a neat house-maid.
"Is Mrs. Danforth in town?" he asked.
"She is, sir, will you walk in?"
The girl opened the door unhesitatingly, evidently a visitor in the deserted state of the city was regarded as an event of too agreeable a character for any denial; and without waiting for card or name she ushered him into a parlor and ran away up stairs.
The room into which Guy had been shown was a dainty boudoir; the walls colored in shades of pink, and frescoed with wreaths of flowers, the white matting on the floor, the rose-colored covering of the graceful furniture all harmonized admirably. The windows opened into a conservatory, now partly shaded to shield the delicate flowers that were blooming in beautiful abundance from the too intense sunlight, while the play of the fountain that rose in the centre cooled the air and lent the charming murmur of falling waters to the enchantments of the room.
Guy glanced about him with a strange impatience, little complimentary to the luxury around him.
"Why was I brought here?" he muttered. "It is hard to remember every stern resolution in this scene with all its memories of past folly. The recollection of Laura's pure beauty must be my safeguard. Unannounced, too!" he resumed after a moment. "I did not intend that, and now how will she meet me?"
The question was answered at once, for the door opened, and Mrs. Alicia Danforth, the richest widow, and one of the most beautiful women in New York, entered the room.
She was past thirty, but there were many men who thought the full proportions of her mature figure more admirable than all the slender grace of the freshest girlhood. Her hair waving in glorious masses of tawny gold, set off a complexion of exquisite richness of coloring, and features of almost faultless harmony, except that perhaps the arched nose was a trifle too haughty in expression, and the ripe, red lips were almost too full and pouting. Her costume was an embroidered white muslin, lined with pink silk, and knotted back with pink ribbon, so as to display the exquisite contour of the perfect bosom and the round white arms.
She came in, at first not distinguishing her visitor in the darkened room, but as he turned around she uttered his name with a half cry, and sank into a chair as if overcome with surprise.
"Guy Talbot!"
"Yes, madam, Guy Talbot. I have come back as you said I would."
She seemed so bewildered as scarcely to understand what he said.
"How did you know I was in town?" she asked, as if trying to recover from her first emotion by some commonplace question.
"I did not know it; I came here to find out where you were, and was agreeably surprised to learn that you were here."
"Yes; I came from Saratoga only last Saturday, and start for Newport to-morrow."
"Then I am indeed fortunate."
"And you really were anxious to see me?" she murmured, with a deep, tender light in her beautiful eyes. "Guy! Guy! I knew you would come back to me!"
Talbot knit his brows in distress at the tone and look. "You said I would come back, Alicia, but I told you I should never return in love, nor have I now."
Her face reddened with intense sorrow as he spoke. "You would not believe my explanations," she said, mournfully. "But I never loved any one but you."

"Yet you betrayed me!" he exclaimed, with a sudden gleam of a fire that he had long ago thought gone out. "But do not let us bring up the past now," he added more calmly; "I came not to talk of the past, but of the future."
"And you have forgiven me?" she asked, in a tone soft and pleading in its tenderness.
"Yes; I have forgiven you, fully and freely, long ago," he answered hastily.
"Then it is not yet too late!" she exclaimed; and starting up as she spoke, she came close beside him, and laid her soft hand gently on his.
That touch might have moved one less resolute. Guy gazed upon the beautiful face so near his own; his eyes wandered to the surroundings of a room that had once seemed to him a paradise on earth, and returning once more met the eager gaze of the lovely woman beside him, and then he said in a low, but firm tone.
"Yes, Alicia, it is too late. I love another!"
All the color faded out of brow and cheeks, the blue eyes half closed, and Mrs. Danforth sank back in her seat with a low cry of pain.
"You know now why I have come," said Guy, after a moment, though his own face showed that he was deeply touched at his companion's distress.
Mrs. Danforth looked up again, but this time there was a new expression in her delicate features. "You wish to marry her?" she demanded.
"I do."
"And you have come to me to release you from the promise you once so earnestly gave me?"
"Yes, Alicia; I vowed to you once that while you lived unmarried, although I could not marry you, I would never marry another without your leave. Will you absolve me from that vow and give me that permission?"
"Ah, Guy," she almost whispered, with another earnest look, "do you remember when that vow was made?"
"Indeed I do," replied Talbot, with a sudden contraction of his fine features.
"And yet you ask me to cancel it?"
"Yes!" he answered, sternly. "You know, Alicia, that your subsequent conduct might almost have warranted me in breaking that promise whenever I chose."
"I was only flirting with Stanton!" she interrupted, impetuously.
"Flirting!" retorted Guy. "You caused me deep suffering, and compromised yourself, as you know, by your conduct! But enough! I did not come, as I said before, to recall the past; I came simply to ask your release from a vow that withholds me from my happiness."
"Is it a young girl you wish to marry?" she asked.
"Yes."
"And you love her?"
"Very much."
"More than you ever did me?"
"Alicia, why annoy me and yourself with these questions? Will you release me from my rash promise? Answer me only that!"
"No, I will not!" exclaimed Mrs. Danforth, again starting up. "No; I will never, while I can prevent it, see you married to some fair young girl, and know that I am forgotten, or remembered only to sneer at my folly."
"Alicia! Alicia!" cried Guy, "you know I could never do that!"
"Perhaps not, but you would be glad to forget me, to banish me from your home and your remembrance, and be happy with another!"
Guy looked at her in deep distress. "It is enough, Alicia," he said, mournfully. "You refuse my request. I can only bid you farewell once more."
"No! It is not enough!" she exclaimed vehemently, as she once again came to his side. "Guy Talbot, do you know what you have done to me? You won my heart, you made me love you with an earnestness and passion which you can never realize. Yes; by your devotion you taught me to love you, not with the feeble fancy of a young girl, but with the strength and depth and passion of a woman! Of a woman, too, who had never loved before, and will never love again. Yes! to you I gave the whole affection of my heart, its first, last, and only love! And how did you requite me? You deserted me and left me to suffer as only a woman of my strong nature can suffer, to make all my days a wearisome monotony, all my nights long, lonely silences of regret and despair! And now you come to me and ask me to let you marry another! Ask me to let you crush out the last hope of my tortured heart, to stand by and see you wholly happy while I drip away my life-blood drop by drop. No! It shall not be! If you will not be mine, no other woman shall be your wife while I have power to prevent it."
She paused, fairly breathless with the violence of her own emotion, and then Guy spoke. "Alicia, you know that I do not deserve all of your reproaches. It was perhaps wrong in me ever to devote myself to a woman whom I could not marry, but you know that my attentions were received very eagerly; you know that you sought me almost as persistently as I sought you; and after that, what happened? Alicia, I really loved you then, and I believe I should have passed my life as I promised, in devotion to you, but when I was most earnest in making you happy, when I loved you most, my heart was wounded by the knowledge that in my ab-

sence another man occupied my place, and was received apparently with all the smiles that had once welcomed me."
"You know I never cared for him!" she interrupted.
"You say so now; at the time I could not know it. But I do not wish to recall that period, or your conduct, except to vindicate myself. I doubtless did wrong in ever permitting myself to be fascinated by your beauty. If I have caused you any pain, I deeply regret it. But surely the world only knows of Mrs. Danforth as happy and admired."
"The world!" she retorted. "I tell you, Guy, that no poor lost soul ever suffered more than I have when I seemed all smiles and gaiety. I have longed so intensely to see you, to utter one word of explanation. To ask your forgiveness."
"You had that long ago," he said. "And now as you refuse my request, it is useless to prolong a painful interview."
"What are you going to do?" she asked anxiously, as he turned to go. "Are you going to see her again?"
"No, never!" he replied mournfully. "I shall never permit myself to see her again, unless you release me from my promise. I have no right to try to win her love. No; I am going at once into the army."
"To the war!" she gasped in utter dismay.
"Yes; I should perhaps have been there long ago, but now I could never endure to return to the quiet routine of my home. I must avoid, too, all possibility of seeing her; and perchance some friendly bullet may put an end to a life that thus far seems to have been filled only with errors."
Mrs. Danforth looked on his sad face as he spoke; she saw the sorrow, almost despair, that shone in his eyes, and her heart contracted with the bitter thoughts of his coming danger. One last appeal she tried.
"Oh, Guy!" she said, as once more she clasped both her hands on his, "don't go away—stay with me! I love you so much, no woman could ever be so devoted as I will be. All my fortune shall be yours, and if I am older than you, I will be so loving a wife that you can never remember it."
"Alicia! pray, pray, stop!" cried Guy. "Why distress me by these useless appeals! No! you have chosen that I shall not be happy away from you. I declare to you that I can never be happy with you! Let us part, then. And do you pray for forgiveness, for you have made me a very wretched man."
As he spoke, he gently pushed away her hands and strode out of the room, without heeding her last appealing "Guy! Guy!"
He was gone, and for a while Mrs. Danforth lay on the sofa, where she had flung herself after his departure, in almost a stupor of despair. Then she looked up fiercely.
"No!" she murmured—"I will not let him marry! If not mine, then no woman shall ever call him hers."
Guy Talbot went away, as he had said, a most unhappy man. Up to this time his life had been a very aimless one, and now he felt that it was but a useless burden to himself and others. Handsome, and born to some fortune, he had drifted idly with the current of society till he met Mrs. Danforth. Her supreme beauty fascinated him at once. Naturally self-indulgent, he allowed himself to be entirely devoted to her, until he found that she had become deeply attached to him, and knew that he himself loved her more than he had ever imagined loving before. But even then he would not and could not marry her. She was not the woman he would choose for a wife, even had not her superiority in age rendered the match unsuitable. Yet even while fully realizing this, he had not the courage to leave her, and so pleased himself with the romantic idea that he might all his life be happy in his platonic devotion to her. Under this belief he gave her the solemn promise that now bound him. Such a fascination as his cannot last long; the spell was already weakened when the stories he heard of another man's devotion during his absence broke it entirely. He wrote a haughty note of farewell to this once adored lady, and went abroad, thinking that he should hear of her marriage to his rival very shortly. But it was not so. Mrs. Danforth loved excitement, and the homage her beauty commanded, but although it is probable she greatly exaggerated the sufferings that Guy's departure caused her, still she had loved him very intensely, and she had cherished the hope of winning him again.
It was very soon after Guy's return to this country that he went to Elmworth, and here again permitting himself to drift with the humor of the hour, regardless of consequences, he devoted himself to Laura Nevill until he awoke to the knowledge that now indeed he knew what love really was, and the fear that he had caused some suffering to this gentle girl.
When he left Mrs. Danforth's house, he felt bitterly not only against her, but himself.
"I have been a useless and aimless fellow," he said; "but perhaps on the battle-field I may redeem all my past life."
It was very easy for him to put his design of entering the army into instant execution. At that time the country was constantly calling for recruits. The influence of his name and position procured him a commission, and in a fortnight from that day Guy Talbot had bidden his

CHAPTER II.

"What do you wish?" asked Laura, after a moment, saying that no words had followed Mrs. Burdett's last courteous greeting, and as she gave money under the steady gaze of the beautiful stranger.

"One question more," faltered Laura, as she

ill prostrate under its fatal effects when Guy was brought home. For weeks she hung between life and death, but her iron constitution

"Yes, I think I shall be," she answered bravely. "My mother is to live with me hereafter, so that I shall not be alone, and I never

"ALBERT T. R. C., U. S. A."

THE MODE OF SENDING DESPATCHES—EFFICIENCY OF THE CODE.

A member of the United States Signal Corps contributes the following to the Boston Traveller:—

"I think it about time that something relating to the Signal Corps was published in your paper, and with your leave will mention some of

"Probably no class of men employed in the army are more useful than those engaged in the duty of sending army despatches from one point to another, by means of signal flags. These flags are of different colors, white, black, red,

nage are of different colors, white, black, or red, to suit the circumstances of the case. They are either four or six feet square, fastened to pointed poles, the length of which can be increased or diminished as required. The officers in charge of a station are furnished with field

glasses and powerful telescopes, by means of which they can read the signals from twelve to eighteen miles distant. For night work, torches are used. The operation of transmitting signals is performed in this manner:—The message is

sent to the signal station, which is generally located in the highest tree upon the loftiest mountain or hill-top. The officer in charge arranges his 'key' upon a circular pasteboard instrument, marked with numerals. When all is ready by the turning of this disc the prime

ready, by the turning of each flag, the proper numbers appear, and are called off to the flagman. This flagman, on hearing the number, immediately places the flag in the position indicated.

"Thus, waving the flag according to a num-

ber, requiring it to move from right to left, will mean a certain word. The flag is then straightened up, and another number called, which may raise the flag above the bearer's head, or drop it towards the ground. Again, some number called out causes the flagman to make a motion

called out cues the flagman to make a motion with the flag that conveys a whole sentence of information to a distant station, where another signal-officer has been reading off, through his telescope, the numbers previously sent. The reader of the despatch sits looking through his

glass, calling off the numbers to his assistant, who notes them down upon the field-book. When the entire message has been received, the numbers are transmitted to the next station, and so on until it reaches the general to whom

"The whole time occupied in sending a despatch of thirty lines is generally less than a few minutes. The flagman, by constant practice, works rapidly, and the reader calls the numbers with great speed; and when these are

numbers with equal speed; and when there are two or more officers or flagmen at a station the message is passed on to the next, as fast as it is received. When the numbers reach the last station the 'key' signal is sent over, and being properly adjusted, the officers at the receiving

station can then write out for or read the message to his commanding general. These keys are constantly changed. A combination of 'keys' is arranged between two commanding generals in a manner that insures their de-

spatches against any chance of being read by even the officers making the signals, and, of course, if the rebels saw them they would be unable to decipher them. For instance, Gen. Sherman has arranged with Gen. Howard that the 'key' to his despatches shall be sent under

"On Monday morning, Gen. Sherman may make use of a 'key' that he secured in the afternoon."

The afternoon key is known to Gen. Howard by the word that accompanies the message. If Gen. Sherman wishes to speak with Gen. Logan, who may be stationed miles away, his arrangement of 'key' words may be totally

"Signal officers, by long practice, are often able to abbreviate messages, especially when they know that the station beyond is commanded by an officer familiar with their instructions."

A bystander looking on, when a message is being sent, will see the flags in the hands of the man near him waving rapidly, and strain his eyes in every direction to see where the persons who are taking notes. He will see no one.

unless favored by a night, through the telescope, at the station. The great merit of this system of signalling consists in the secrecy with which messages may be sent, and answers returned, although it is equally advantageous in an ex-

ment, when secret messages are not required and orders are rapidly conveyed from one point of the field to another. It is at this time that the signal officers and men are in the greatest danger. The rebels have an offensive way of interrupting communications with wireless

vey of interesting dispatches with kinetic energy, sent by the rifle of some sharpshooters detailed to pick off the flagmen and others engaged at the signal station. Signal men are generally mounted on horses and armed with abres and Remington's six-shooters.

"ALBERT T. S. C. U. S. A."

LATEST NEWS

tion to Wilmington, N. C., was received by the Navy Department on Saturday. After the cruise

up the river. Fort Strong was shelled, and the rebels lost. A story shot struck the Shannon below the water mark and set her keeling badly. On the night of the 26th the rebels sent down two hundred floating torpedoes, but they were sunk with monkey. One got in the vessel of the Osceola, blew her wheel-house to pieces, and knocked down her wheel-head, but did not damage the hull. The flag was placed on Fort Strong on the 31st, and the next day a salute of thirty-five guns was fired in honor of Washington's birthday.

Gen. Sherman entered Winboro, N. C., 30 miles north of Columbia, on the railroad leading to Charlotte, on Sunday, the 19th. Since that time nothing has been heard of his movements. A letter from Gen. Grant, dated on the 26th, and received in Washington, says that if Sherman's movements continue a few days longer, the country can safely believe in extinction.

General Joe Johnston has been ordered to report to General Lee, and it is supposed that he will surrender soon.

The rebels are said to intend making a determined resistance at Mobile and at Selma, both of which places they expect to recapture.

THE POST LAUREATE.—The *Athenaeum*, writing on the report that a baronetcy had been conferred on Mr. Tunnyson, says:—“Of course no reader of the *Athenaeum* will suppose that we referred to the rumour—current in the papers for many past weeks—without making inquiries

on the subject. Our information was ample and precise; and, although we are aware that progress in the matter is for the moment delayed, we still think it likely that Her Majesty's desire to put her favor to the great post into visible and permanent shape will end in the Laureate becoming Sir Alfred Tennyson, Bart.⁶

AUSTRIAN NOBILITY.—According to statistical tables just published, there are in the Austrian Empire, 280,000 males entitled to the appellation of nobles. Hungary is down for 163,000; Gallia, 24,900; and Bohemia, 2,260, among whom are 14 princes, 178 counts, and 80 barons.

[E] A London journal calls "Idyls of the Hearth" a grate subject.
[E] Dr. Lambolla, the eminent Paris physician, says an electric shock is sure to save anybody dying from the effects of chloroform.
[E] The little darlings in Washington are doing a great trade. They swarm the arena, the Capitol, and the hotels, where they are on the scout for cast-away cigars, plucking them

out of the spittoons and corners with an activity that is commendable. These precious relics of convivial cheer they sell to the tobacco vendors, to be constructed into fragrant Havanas or delicious plug. It is undoubtedly a sweet reflection to the happy recipient of these choice favors, when enjoying the same, that they were, in their first existence, puffed by some honorable Senator or member of Congress.

late, two men claimed a calf. Both proved their ownership in the living veal, by clouds of witness, and the bothered judge decided to place the calf on the street, at an equal distance from the residence of each claimant, and let him go home. This course was greeted by approval, and the young bovine, with ears and tail erect, soon settled the question by running to the barnyard from which it is claimed to have

MAPLE SUGAR.—The promise of a good crop of maple sugar this coming spring is said to be better than usual. The snow has been pretty deep in most parts of Vermont and Western Massachusetts, and it has lain steadily upon the ground. We hope the result will fully justify the prediction.

Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has recently been discovered about ten miles from Fort Ruby, California. It has been explored to the distance of half a mile. It was found to be an immense subterranean lake of clear water, with high walls of limestone on either side. The ceiling or arch is fifty feet high. The party explored it to the distance of half a mile in cliffs, and finding no indications of a stopping-

☞ Most of our readers have undoubtedly heard, at some time or other, that a large property in England, estimated at several million sterling, known as the *Barbours estate*

known as the Jennings estate, has been claimed by the American heirs, descendants of the brother and sister of the English Jennings, the former of whom settled in Virginia, and the latter in New Hampshire. The case has been in the English Chancery Court for many years, and the American heirs have spent considerable sums of money in prosecuting their claim to the estate, until at last they have obtained a judgment in their favor. (This is all

know about the matter. Don't write to us about it.—Ed. Post.]

■ Cyprine Ricard, of Louisiana, is worth over a million of dollars, and is the richest colored man in the United States. The colored people in New York have many rich men, among them Peter Vandyke, Robert Watson, M. Gloucester, and Mr. Crosby, who own about \$3,000,000 in property, real estate and

erwise. In Philadelphia there are, out of our thousand families, nearly three hundred living in their own houses. Among the rich men are Vidall, *Promer*, White, and Stephen Smith, the latter said to be worth over \$500,000.

Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," the United States Consul at Birmingham, Eng-
land.

GATHERING HEARTSEASE.

I want to gather heartsease
When the bright sun is out to rest,
Drawing all his shadows of twilight
To his golden throne in the west.
When the blossoms and the leaves
Laying all their golden glow,
In the dewy gathering twilight,
Faintly tremble to and fro.
All the ground was strewed with mayblossoms,
Everywhere they met my eye;
But I went to gather heartsease,
So I passed all others by.
Oh! my heart was not so joyous
As it was in those glad hours,
When I wandered light and careless,
Near the roadside gathering flowers.
Then I gave them all to you, dear,
And I looked up in your face,
And I wondered I could fancy
That the flowers had any grace.
Then it was I gathered heartsease,
Thus it was, dear heart, I found
That the glory of the mayblossoms
Did not lie upon the ground.

Ourselves Considered as Spectres

Has it ever occurred to the reader, how nearly able to a spectre he must be to a great many people? It may not have done so, and as I have no wish to give offence, I will not ask him to assume the white sheet, but will do so myself. The population of our town is not upon speaking terms with two hundred of the inhabitants, and not the half of those ever grouped my figure. To the other seventy-nine thousand eight hundred, at least, I am a phantom. Most of them, I suppose, at one time or other, and in this or that place, catch a glimpse of me: I am in thousands of eyes a spectre of the streets, a spirit which comes through the market-place, a shadowy figure at the concert, or a filmy apparition at church. What do people think of me? Do any of them consider me to be growing old, or am I held to be still moderately young? Is my style of dress generally approved, or do I now and then wear a hat rather too long, or appear in the same coat too often? Am I thought tall, or clumsy, broad or slim?—does my personal appearance gratify anybody? What, I wonder, do the children playing at the games think of me—what the old folks—what the men—what the women? To each and all of these, I necessarily am one of the moving figures of the phantasmagoria of our town, and they must form some judgment of my appearance and performance.

Some of them must always see me about one time and one place. I daily pass the same shop-door and house-windows at nearly fixed hours; and I dare say people, here and there, expect me as they do the milk-woman and the postman. Do any of them say, "Come, Mary, hurry the breakfast things away, there's that man with the light waistcoat gone past?" It may be that to another house I am a pair of plaid trousers (shall I confess to a weakness for them?), and elsewhere I may be identified as a broad-brimmed hat. I have done all this myself in the case of other people, but brought home in this manner, it is frightful. A few select persons, too, see me from such special points of view, that I must look very queer to them. I wonder how I appear to the person (it is a large church, and he does not visit, who never sees me excepting from out of the pulpit, as I sit, in the rear corner of the pew, looking upwards. I expect I look to him rather long-faced, and I should say he must see that my hair is growing thin at the crown, which, of course, further modifies his notion of me. In the eyes of some people I must be mainly associated with some particular act: they only see me in one certain posture or attitude. What do the people who sit in the next pew, and especially the observant old lady, think of my style of putting my face inside my hat for a few moments? I wonder if the good folks approve of my singing and my mode of making the responses? The crowds who pass my work-room window only catch a sight of my head and shoulders at the desk—what kind of a being do I seem to be in their eyes? Our very civil ticket collector on the railway only beholds me sitting in the carriage; he cannot know to three or four inches what my height is—in the streets he would only recognise my face: what sort of a person do I appear to him? I will venture on a tiny digression here. How different places, equally with persons, look when seen from certain privileged spots! The church, as it is visible all round from the pulpit, is not the same building to the person as it is to me from my pew corner, where I only see a part of the nave and portions of the chancel. A court of justice surveyed from the unjustified view of the Bench contrasts strangely with the quiet of the place got from its crowded area. The jury box, I can state from experience, and I should say the dock, though I am not an authority there, also have their own special points of view.

It is very obvious that I cannot answer the questions I have asked as to what people think of me in the respects named, but I can recall what I think of them under similar circumstances; and from my own experience, I am sorry to say, I get an inkling that some of them must conceive very queerly of me, and on some points, not unlikely, misjudge me sadly. A good instance, or, perhaps, three or four of them, for I could give lots, may better indicate what I mean. There is a spectre who, at noontide, daily walks the street, on the other side, at the time I pass, attired during two-thirds of the year in a white hat and yellow nankeen trousers. His narrow, deep-lined visage, somehow, always seems to me to be that of a swindler, and I would not trust the man with twopenny hapenny. I also recall a raddling apparition, clad in rusty black silk, of a shuffling old woman, carrying a dark umbrella, who is generally being let into a dark-looking house, about ten o'clock of a morning, as I go by, and at the first glimpse, a conviction always comes in my mind that the ancient dame takes snuff and drinks whiskey. But upon seriously cross-questioning myself at this moment, I find that I have not an iota of proof in either case; for anything I could positively state, the one is a philanthropist, going out on errands of mercy, and the other an agent of the Temperance Society; while the horrible thought suggests itself that somebody may associate the idea of snuff with my plaid continuations, and see in my snuff-box a shadow of reputation, and experience a spasm of disgust, to-morrow, when I observe the tall nankeen spectre and behold the quaint black-silk apparition. On

the other hand, to take a contrary instance, it is quite a disappointment to me, if I do not come in the day meet the shade of a roddy-faced elderly gentleman, remarkable for an unusual expanse of white vest, and the wearing of a bright hat or two of something in his button-hole; even at Christmas he'll sport a twig of holly rather than be quite bare; he looks so healthy, so prosperous, so jovial, has such an honest mouth, and such twinkling eyes, that it is quite a pleasure to watch him loiter round the corner and roll briskly towards you. Yet, so far as exact evidence goes, he may be a director of some tubful company, or a manager of a rotten bank, on his way to check the accounts, or to receive deposits from vendors, well knowing they will never be returned. But, despite this possibility, I shall smile at sight of him to-morrow, as from under my hat-brim I enjoy his portly swagger.

I also derive some gratification from the occasional glimpse I get of several young lady figures, about whom I do not feel called upon to enter into further particulars; but I may just say that one of these golden-haired spectres, as I pass her house in the afternoon, looks so lovely, as seen with her face in the side pane of an up-stairs window, that were I but twenty years younger I should be tempted instantly to propose from the pavement below. Perhaps, they are all, if one only knew the truth, shrews, tergiversants, dirts and coquettes, and, as for their looks, if I saw them at other times and in different places, I might not care for them a bit. Indeed, the more I reflect, the more skeptical I become in all these cases; for I have suffered many surprises and disappointments. I recollect one day seeing the fishmonger leaning from his shop-door, dressed in his best. I had before usually observed him with his mouth open in a circular shape, crying his wares, and lo, he did not now look like the same person; even his face was scarcely recognizable. The old buttermilk man I always see resting the point of his knife on the counter as I pass, would most likely have quite another look should I ever see him without his big concealing white apron. It is a disguise to some people simply to put on a hat or to take it off; ladies, now and then, are wonderfully changed, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, by removal of a bonnet. All these accidents tell on our preconceptions and antipathies. I may for ever have lost the better opinion of some persons from first meeting their vision with the bows of my necktie awry; but I cheer myself with the hope that on Sundays and holidays my best cravat, and the pearl-headed pin, have won for me many favorable sentiments. It may well be that those who only see me gravely hurrying to and fro at business hours, fancy I am a very severe, stern sort of fellow. How deceived they are! Nearly as completely so as I was, until I saw the elderly dark man, a ghost I had met at a street corner for years, and had always thought what a good brigand he would make, change his sombre visage, one day, into a flash of bewildering sunshine, as he put forth his arms to a little cherub, toddling from nurse's skirts to meet him, shrieking out "Papa!" I recollect one more complete surprise, which resulted from my finding out that the young woman who was so often looking over the blind at the end house in Crescent, had not, as I had firmly believed for months and years, contracted the paller on her cheeks from reading lackadaisical novels, but, instead, from nursing a sick mother of nights; and when I saw her, as I had thought, mooning at the window, she was simply watching for her old father, to greet him with a smile as he came back from the office. The ghosts, I admit, puzzle me sadly, and so, no doubt, I do them; but not I think, in all cases in the same way, for the apparition changes with the eyes of those who see it. I do not believe I appear to be at all the same person to different individuals.

One day last week, I received from a lady correspondent the photograph of a clerical dignitary, suppose we agree that it was an archbishop; and the writer playfully called my attention to the forehead, eyes, and nose, asking me if they did not remind me of some one I knew well. Not at all, I wrote back; none of my friends bore the least resemblance to the picture. "Oh, you mystifier," was the charge made in the next epistle; "do look in the glass, it was yourself that was meant." I was thunderstruck. These eyes, that forehead, and that nose resembling mine! I do not wish to cast any reflection upon the personal appearance of ecclesiastical dignitaries, but really I had thought very differently. I went to the glass, and looked at the ears and at myself, again and again, but I could not detect the ghost of a resemblance. Still I am bound to believe in the bona fides of my correspondent, and calling to mind how often before I had, with a similar want of success, been called upon to find out a likeness in children and adults, I am forced to the conclusion that even in the matter of chins, mouths, and eyebrows, we don't see one another as we see ourselves in mirrors. The fear horribly suggests itself that nobody else may think me half so good-looking as I have always believed myself to be; perhaps I have got accustomed to that wart on the side of the nose, and yet all the rest of the world may see it newly. Oh dear! I am not only one ghost but a mob of them, just as the observers multiply, and there is no knowing how ill-looking I, in some eyes, may become.

But this subject may be looked at in other modes than the physical; I am more of a moral ghost even than a bodily apparition to many people. What notions do my relatives, my friends, my acquaintances really entertain about me in their hearts of hearts? To begin with the most distant, there are people who have had notes from me, some of them numerous letters, but who never once saw me in the flesh. My handwriting, my terms of folding the sheets, have given them some idea of the writer. I am sure many among them have shockingly wrong conceptions. And, indeed, what sublime hyperboles are kept up in letter-writing! Persons as humble as doves put on in their epistles the airs of lions; those who never listen upon formalities in personal intercourse, write loftily in the style of Horne Highmores; they have the haughty to be, and venture to submit, and they beg to be allowed to remain; whereas, in ordinary speech, they would blush up to the ears at any such expressions. Well, I unfortunately have committed all these little foibles, and a nicely erroneous impression of me must be the result in many minds. But there are many other people to whom I have drawn a shade nearer than to my shadowy correspondents, individuals with whom I have actually gone through the process of introduction, liked, hated, touched fingers, interchanged the expected salutation; but there stopped—the acquaintance never going further. What did they think of

the being who introduced them, then that it was merely said, or that the previous day was beautifully fine, or that it was said, was weather was expected? With many again, I have only had business intercourse; scores of times, it may be hundreds we have met, and they always heard me speak in one way, and saw me present the same guarded, unprejudiced stare. The image they have of me is no doubt real as far as it goes, but it is very inadequate. I have found that the most striking conceptions of misconception in this respect occur in the case of professional gentlemen. Dear the reader to include a barrister or doctor, among his friends? I made the acquaintance of Fustian in plain dress, and we had been intimate for years before I first saw him habited and gowned in court. I really could not believe it was Fustian; I was afraid of him, and left the building hurriedly: it was villainous that horse-hair and a silk robe should so transfigure a man! I never saw an individual look so hypocritical before, and he has not ever yet regained his moral standing in my estimation. In just the other way, Boine, whom I am sorry to state I had a long time previously known in the consulting-room and the surgery, was quite another person when I met him upstairs in the library; his face was not the same—the style of man was altogether different, as he seriously showed off his rare old books, and exhibited the preserved head of a large pig he had caught from his own angling. But putting over these more outside considerations, let us go still deeper:—what opinions do my very intimates really entertain of my intellectual abilities, my moral characteristics, my business capacities, my social qualifications? Some time ago, a female friend read over to me before putting it a letter which she and her husband had jointly concocted, giving a description of me to a third person. "He is rather clever," this precious epistle stated of myself. The lady, dear good soul as she is, remarked in a parenthesis, that she was for saying "very clever," but Ralph thought the other phrase better. So the truth was out; the friend (and he was quite honest) who, as I had always until then believed, considered me an intellectual paragon, really and truly thought I was rather clever! I have made other extraordinary discoveries as to the grotesque judgments my friends make of you. I pass over the incidents of the lady who thought I was very plain-looking, but admitted I had a pretty taste; as also, the case of the gentleman who objected to my style of dress with the exception of my pocket-handkerchiefs, which he considered neat and tasteful. These were simply absurdities; but what am I to think of an old acquaintance who for years had often cried and laughed at my pathetic and witty way of putting things, at an evening party, not long since, publicly giving it as his opinion, that though I was not much of a conversationalist, I could play a decent game of draughts? I was utterly overwhelmed, and I was not well recovered when, the same night, after making a brilliant post-prandial speech, I subsequently found that my oratorical abilities were specially ignored by the individual to whom I had looked up for the highest eulogiums, and that the feat of skill with which I should hereafter stand directly associated in his mind was my ingenuity in making rabbit-shadows on the wall to please the children. I painfully perceive that not only am I ghost, but I am a ghost seen by perilled people, to some of whom I do but look like a tree walking. Whether I am any the more fortunate in reference to my business capacities I do not know. I have not yet appeared in the Gazette, but remarks have occasionally been breathed to me in the recesses of my heart, and subsequently corroborated by observations from other intimate quarters, which tend rather to indicate that those nearest me ascribe the circumstance more to good-luck than to excellent management on my part. I am somewhat inclined to think, that in these respects, those standing close to you see you more inaccurately than those farther off. My architect friend triumphantly carried off a competition a week or two back for a Town Hall, and none of his own circle would believe it; and the same general incredulity was at first expressed among his intimate associates, when my other acquaintance published his successful novel. Both these individuals had been living at our elbows for years, and we did not know them—had not an inkling as to who and what they were. The only human being who ever thoroughly appreciated my own possibilities on such like points was my good mother. I was less of a ghost with her than with anybody else. She, I think, would not have considered it beyond my deserts if I had been made Lord Chancellor at a dash, or had received a request to allow myself to be inducted into an archbishopric. My male parent had something of the money glitter in his eyes, and was not so sanguine in his estimate: he was a self-willed man, and generally insinuated, however well I managed, that in his own hands the result would have been just a thought more satisfactory.

And similar misjudgments, I fear, happen in yet more serious matters. I was unable to lend an acquaintance fifty pounds when I was asked, and at the same time could not well explain how I came to be without the means. I have a sickening conviction that the jolly fellow I should have so liked to oblige, contracted a bitterness of soul towards me, when he saw me, as it would appear to him, rolling in wealth and yet fighting my purse-strings against the call of a friend. I shall be to him a selfish sneak as long as he lives. A brother business man, not long since, begged me to back a bill for him. I explained that a solemn vow, consequent on the narrowest possible escape from ruin in that way previously, prevented me; but I know he did not believe what I said, and will most likely carry a cordial hatred of me, as an unfeeling wretch, to his grave. A young lady I could name will curl her beautiful lip at mention of me till her last breath, because I did not eulogize to her father a wild fellow who I knew had broken the hearts of two girls before. I am a misanthropic, a wrongly-own apparition in all these, as in many other instances.

Ah, me, it is the same story all round; and without prolonging it till it becomes tiresome, let us all take home the moral—that is, to keep well before us, not far in the background of our mutual judgments, the shivering thought that we may be mistaken, that it is possible those who seem to look, speak, and act so equivocally have an explanation if we did but know it. True, we make such a villainous appearance from the other side of the street, might possibly look quite otherwise closer to; the man who is so heavy and taciturn in the shop is, it may be, as lively as a kitten in the parlor; and he who is so unobtrusive and exact over the ledger in his office, may have children impatiently watching

for his return home, anxious for the usual romp. In the meantime, let us all hold ourselves ready for great surprises. Hereafter, when we struggle from this land of spectres to the brightly-ruled (there has been a curious mistake in reversing these lines), where we shall all with frequent astonishment have to remark our complete misanthropic streak. Bearing this in mind, I am certainly very charitable of this moment. W. G.

Mary Canavan.

It became part of my lot in life, to help the Irish Government during the crucial period of the Irish Revolution of 1847. I was a Poor Law Inspector, and had a large district in my charge. I had accordingly to go about a good deal, and visit Workhouses, Hospitals, and Relief Stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance as a rule was an outside Irish jaunting-car, and, with one horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used to ride sometimes to get over fifty long Irish miles. I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote and wild part of my district. My men, servants, coachman, groom, butler, and all, comprised in one very original and heavy half-rig called "Mick"—accompanied me. The night before I left on this particular journey, I had occurred an accident, which I am about to relate. I told Mick to be sure to seek the "wall" of the car with my head, which I used to take in my own hand, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as we shall presently see, was not altogether used for selfish purposes. Many a time when I have been driving along the wild roads, I have seen people who, by my official knowledge, were in the receipt of the full amount of relief, literally looking starved. The aridity with which they gazed and devoured the leaves of my bread I need to give them from the "wall," needed me that the money which was sent to us Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of the United Kingdom to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part we applied to the establishment of bake-houses, did all the good which it was intended to do, and even more than the generous donors could have anticipated.

I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day than that to which I allude, and if one could only have felt that the people were not dying in hundreds throughout the district, and that the island generally, such a day amidst such scenery, would have brought its fullest enjoyment.

Skirting along lovely lakes, above which rose hills clad with natural beauty, I drove some ten miles, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the sea coast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across the "bleasted heath."

At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to inspect.

The path, or road, or whatever else one might choose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us. Mick, who was never much inclined to wrap himself up in himself, and had been discouraging eloquently on the value of good sound roads, giving me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out:

"What on earth, sir, is that before us?"

"Where?" said I.

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us!—a body stretched across the road."

On looking before me, at about a hundred yards' distance, I saw that to which Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station at —, but we shall soon know."

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about forty years of age. As I was about to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so attenuated that I could see all its venous and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been removed.

While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead. I could see no habitation for miles around. "Possibly," I said, "life is not quite extinct, and, recollecting the little smattering of doctoring which I learned in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have."

"Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For what, sir?" said he. "Bedad, it would take more than your honor could do, to bring her back again."

"Well," I added, "do what I tell you, Mick, and let us hope for the best."

We lifted the body and placed it against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I at once proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour nearly half the contents of my flask, (a pretty large one, by-the-way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her neck which rested on my hand. This convulsion was to my great delight speedily followed by a faint hiccup, and I at once made up my mind that if I only persevered, I might have the intense satisfaction of restoring a fellow creature to life.

Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushions of the car we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub the extremities, which were like ice, and with a good will we rubbed and rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and various other indications of returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We worked on, however, for a little time longer, and I then determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started for —.

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when we encountered a most formidable stretch, which was so sickly, that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to the right our attention was directed to a thin column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from whence the smoke issued, and scarcely able to breathe from the offensive odor, which became more and more, I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation, if such it

could be called, an old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the smoke. There were lying two bodies in an advanced stage of decomposition, an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of the sight I saw. It was a terrible sight, and I have never since been able to see the women we found on the road had dropped out of this level on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the black state of exhaustion in which we found them.

And so it turned out to be when I made subsequent inquiry.

We were turned on our journey, and on looking at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies removed and buried.

The next day I returned to headquarters, and from that time afterwards had letters from the doctor reporting to me that the women very speedily recovered, and out of money placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute in some manner in the shape of clothing.

A couple of months or more passed away, and the severity of the famine was mitigated by the abundance of food which came from the country. The people began to look better; and every one was in better spirits.

My visits to the remote stations of my district were necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to discharge at the town in which I lived, and where the union workhouse was situated. They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuses in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor Law service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control them.

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at —, near which occurred the incident which I have endeavored to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said, "Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the creature we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope we shall never see such a sight again."

"Ames, sir," said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could. We drove on for a couple of miles, when we met a group of the peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian meal and oatmeal.

I stopped to make some inquiries, when suddenly I felt my knees embrace, and I saw a girl about eighteen years of age kissing my feet.

"What do you want, my good girl?" said I.

"Ah! your honor," said she, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan?"

"Mary Canavan! surely you cannot be the woman I—"

"Ah! yes, sir," she cried.

And there she was, the shivering hag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen, and all by the simple administration of wholesome food for a few weeks.

To those who saw scenes such as I did, this will not appear strange. But even now, at this lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland with all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.

The Death-Watch.

The "death-watch" is a very common inmate of our houses. Among those who are unacquainted with the habits of insects, there is a common superstition that the strange ticking sound often heard in old houses is a sign of approaching death. This noise, however, is caused by a small beetle, which, during its boring operations, rubs the neck and chest together, by which means this (to some persons) terrible omen is produced—a fact which, if more generally known, would save a world of needless anxiety and uneasiness. In the larva state these insects do great injury to our furniture and the woodwork of old houses, which they gnaw continually. When captured, this beetle signs death with the strongest proximity, preferring, it is said, to suffer death under a slow fire rather than betray the least sign of vitality. The "death-watch," on account of its retired habits, minute size, and dark color, is very seldom seen; and as there are often several individuals working at the same time in their boring operations, the sound seems to proceed simultaneously from opposite directions, thus adding to the superstitious terror wherewith by some persons it is regarded. It is not larger than a good-sized flea.

THE OYSTER DOG.—A gentleman living in lodgings, having a dog, which, in wet and dirty weather, much annoyed the mistress of the house, she desired it might be put away. To comply with her request, without thinking to do the animal any injury, the owner contrived one evening to enter the house, and shut the door so suddenly that the dog was excluded. Being unwilling to lose his faithful quadruped, he rose early the next morning, and went in pursuit of it, and, to his great joy, found it walking on a wharf which he had been accustomed to frequent. He was, however, much mortified and surprised to find that all his attempts to invite the creature to his carcases were treated with the utmost contempt. The dog, as if conscious of the unreciprocated insult it had received, disowned the man who had been cruel enough to exclude it from the house. Thus it continued, subsisting by roving to and fro, and no efforts or overtures could ever induce the dog to acknowledge its former master. The dog was finally taken on board a ship, and carried to sea.

SEE MECH OR A DEUCE.—An "idea-modeller" writes:—I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I found letters to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three-legged stool.

"Is that the deuce stool?" I asked of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curls nodded assent, and the lips rippled out:—"I guess so; the teacher always sits on that." The stool was unoccupied that term.—*William Bradford.*

It is not very hard to die for those we love, but do you know the love required to live with them? What amount of it is wanted before a couple of sinners?

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

By Florence Foster.

For sleep, with out with waking,
With troubled dreaming and with restless waking,
New dawn and new day,
Shall be thy rest, when all thy life is dead.

My first sleep, pillowed gently
In virgin earth, there shall thou rest securely;
No one shall dare molest thee,
Of all the dead his life have appeared thee.

Those whom thy love has cherished
Will weep for thee, and mourn that thou hast
perished;
But grief will grow about thee,
And all the world go on the same without thee.

Perhaps, for one brief moment,
The birds will fly before some fancy comes,
Who used to bring and love thee,
And stay to stare and stare and stare above thee.

But love grows weary, crying
To silent hearts which stir no reply—
A while he will regret thee,
Then wipe his eyes and sigh, and so forget thee.

The butterfly, alighted
Upon thy peaceful bosom, unafraid,
Shall sip the bloom above thee,
And spread and shut his wings, unmindful of thee.

The timid rabbit, creeping
With ears alert, to hear the acorn dropping,
Shall pass unheeded, and leave thee,
And turn with quick bright eyes, yet not perceive thee.

At eve the clear-throated thrasher
Shall make the sweet air thrum with music
gushy,
Yet wake no thrill within thee,
Nor from thy deep undreaming slumber win thee.

The wood-birds, which love only
The haunts which men have left untracked and lonely,
Upon the sods which hide thee,
Shall drink the dew, and sit and sing beside thee.

The squirrel at his pleasure
Frisking, shall fill his cheeks with winter treasure,
And with no cause to fear thee,
Shall his ripe nuts, and dig his storehouse near thee.

The cuckoo, for thy hearing,
Shall pour his tender monotonous unfeeling,
The whippoorwill bewail thee,
With tender constancy that shall not fall thee.

The brook, from leafy cover,
Shall tell the story of thy life-time over,
To the dim shadows which throng thee,
Nor once in all the sweet recital wrong thee.

The pine that guards thy sleeping,
Shall hold thy memory in fragrant keeping,
With balsam-tapers drooping,
And build with cones an odoriferous altar o'er thee.

Then, burdened heart, with patience
Bear thou thy load of trials and temptations;
For sweet and well attended
Shall be thy sleep, when all thy toils are ended!

—Portland Transcript.

A DREAM,
AND WHAT CAME OF IT.WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

One stormy evening this winter, we were sitting in my room before a glowing grate—Mrs. Grant and I—she talking, I listening, while the wind whistled and the windows shook dimly. I seem to see her now as she leaned back in my great easy chair, her feet upon a stool, and the two fair little hands that looked like a child's, folded over her cap lightly. The picture was so pretty and touching. Though quite old, she bore few traces of age. Her face was smooth and soft, her hair black and shining, neatly folded away under a charming little lace cap, trimmed with purple ribbons. There was a smile upon her lips as she ceased speaking and sank back as I have described her, but tears were on her cheeks, shining like dew below her spectacles. Since that evening I have often recalled her in just that position, calm and exquisite in every detail of feature and dress. The quiverish style she assumed, became her better than any one I ever saw, and as she was a special favorite of mine, I suppose I may be pardoned for saying she looked perfectly beautiful, though many who knew her but slightly, failed to understand my enthusiastic admiration, and seldom failed to tease me if I spoke of her, about my penchant for old ladies.

She had been telling me a long sad story—a story that the world would sneer at as the creation of a morbid imagination, were I to write it. Step by step she led me up through the flowery paths of youth to womanhood, where the clouds lowered and storms broke mercilessly over her head. I understood now why she was so gentle and serene, why her character was so spotlessly pure and lovable in her old age. She had passed through the fires of affliction early, and all the dross of her nature had been consumed. From that time she went on her way so calmly, so quietly, that old time in tender pity, tempered the weight of her toils to feather-lightness, so that the evening of life found her unbowled in form, and as fresh in appearance as many a woman at forty.

Presently the little clock upon the mantel chimed the hour, and as the tenth stroke rang clear and sweet through the chamber, she rose smilingly and held out her hand.

"Ten o'clock, and I have kept you from your writing all the evening. It is too bad. I am afraid, too, that I have saddened you. Do not think about it, child. I am much better and happier for what has happened to me. Bitter lessons are often needed to teach us how to live, and mine were such as were necessary for my good. I would not have it otherwise. Why I have told you my history, I cannot tell. This is the first time I have indulged in retrospecting the Past for thirty years, and why the impulse should have come upon me, is a question I cannot answer. Perhaps there was a purpose in it—what you know, and you will remember my experience to your own advantage sometime. Good-night, dear, and God bless you."

She came to my side, bent to kiss my forehead tenderly, then as if impelled by a stronger impulse, she laid her arms about my neck and pressed me close to her bosom and kissed me on the cheek. Her breath fanned my face, fragrant as a child's, and her little hands were so warm in their caress, I could not resist the temptation for a long time after she left the room with that good-bye upon her lips, and a reputation of her "good-night" in tender, more lingering caresses.

I took the chair she had vacated, after hesitating to her right as she glided down the hall, and turning the gas just enough so as to fall properly upon my back, began to read. I soon grew sleepy, and very soon, for it was only eleven o'clock when I went from a slumber to find the book had fallen to the floor, and with cold perspiration dripping from my face and hair. I had been dreaming of Mrs. Grant, and what I suffered in that dream is beyond the power of description.

In this dream I seemed to be standing in the shadow of a stately house, totally strange to me. No remembrance of the people or place familiar to a single soul; but as I paced back and forth upon a terrace, a strange man passed me, his face grave and gloomy, and his manner singularly expressive of distress.

Some crowd of people began to gather upon the terrace, and I turned to the stranger to ask him what it meant.

"There is to be an execution," he replied. "A woman has been condemned to death."

I turned from the spot, intending to avoid the scene, but he commanded me sternly to remain where I was, and I had no power to move.

Standing there in the shadow, mute and cold with the dread and horror that had seized me, I heard the sound of measured steps, and slow, and made swept through the place like a requiem. It is singular how distinct and impressive the details of dreams come; and in that moment I recognized the notes of the air performed, which was like a funeral chant—could count my own heartbeats, hear the measured footsteps upon a marble pavement, and see the aged, yet not old, and gloomy faces of those who waited for what was coming.

I saw, as I watched the crowd, that the people all seemed to be Catholic, and the man who spoke to me, a priest. Catching my eye, he came close to my side, and said solemnly: "This woman who is to die has violated her faith in a manner which forces the Church to strangle her. Death is attached to her crime as his sole penalty, and there is no help for her this side of Heaven."

He bowed his head and groaned so bitterly that I asked in pity, "Is she anything to you?"

"My mother! Oh, my mother!" was the reply uttered through sobs like an appeal, and then I saw the tears falling like rain over his pale cheeks.

The next moment he advanced toward a platform around which clustered some nuns, and one or two priests. Between two of the nuns stood a woman robed in white, and as she turned in mounting the platform, I saw the features of Mrs. Grant.

A cry of dismay died in my throat, and I tried to spring forward, but could not. Her eyes were fixed upon mine for one moment with an expression of terror and agony, as if she would implore my aid, but the next instant, the distress all faded and gave place to that same sweet smile which had lingered around her lips in parting only a little while before, and she knelt meekly to receive her doom.

I was conscious of surprise in my dream, for until that moment I had not known that she was a Catholic. She had never said anything to lead me to suppose she belonged to the church, and I wondered at it, for I had known her a long time. Afterwards, in my waking hours, the same surprise seized me when I learned that she was a Catholic in truth, and had been for many years.

After kneeling with her face still turned to me, she folded her fair little hands quietly over her bosom, while two of the nuns placed a long white scarf about her neck, crossing the ends and each holding one at the side while they began slowly to tighten it.

As the pressure became stronger, cries of agony escaped her. I can never forget the horror of that death struggle, so fearfully distinct in every detail. To me an eternity of misery was embodied in it, while I was utterly incapable of moving from the spot.

Gradually her struggles ceased, and her face grew pale as marble. I wondered at that, for I thought in strangulation the face must grow black; but her features were as pallid as snow, while no trace of the agony seemed to linger upon it.

Slowly her form began to sink backward—then the nuns would loose the scarf with a refinement of cruelty, until life began to return, when they would again tighten it with savage pleasure shining from their glittering eyes.

At length it was over. I stepped forward to look upon her dead face, wearing that sweet smile at the last, so winning, so touching in its gentle beauty, that my tears fell fast over the mass of dark hair scattered over her bosom. With a loving intensity of feeling never exceeded in waking moments, I pressed the dark-fringed lids over the blue eyes, and stooped to kiss her as she had kissed me, with a full heart. As I raised my head, all the crowd had vanished, and the dark-browed stranger stood alone by the dead woman's side.

"May God bless you!" he said, in a low, husky voice, and with his pitifully sorrowful eyes haunting me, I stole quietly away, leaving him alone. I had just passed beyond a wide gate, under a solemn looking arch, when the horror of the scene I had witnessed seemed to rush upon me with redoubled power, and I awoke to find myself cold, trembling, and drenched with the dew of agony.

For some time after waking, I sat still and thought over this singularly fearful dream. I had not been reading anything to suggest it before sleeping. Nor was there a word in Mrs. Grant's story of an hour previous, to superinduce anything so frightful in connection with it. Nothing had occurred within my recollection to give rise to such a freak of the imagination; so as I sat pondering this dream, my heart began to ache, I discarded my old theory of dreams in which I insisted that they were but reproductions of former events or a carrying out of that on which the mind was previously occupied in the hours of sleep.

It was quite late when I retired, and, naturally enough, I slept badly. When morning dawned, I rose quite weary, and went out for a walk by sunrise in the hope of shaking off the impressions which hung so heavily upon my mind.

The snow lay whitely over roof and pavement

as I walked, but I did not heed it. The freezing frosty air and bright sunlight upon gleaming snows filling the scene of death, seemed to give me new life and I walked most cheerily, then went home for a hot breakfast.

At I left the table to go to my room, a girl came to my side and whispered:

"Mrs. Grant is very ill, and has asked for you several times. I knocked at your door, but got no answer, and we could not find you in the house."

"I will go up at once," I said, with a sickening sensation at heart, and a moment later, I stood at her door.

As I entered the room, the feeling of horror so terrible to sustain in my dream came over me, for there stood a priest and two sisters of Charity by Mrs. Grant's bed. The sisters supported her upon either side, while her dark hair fell upon her shoulders over her white night robe. It was the same picture I had seen in my dream as the nurse placed her on the platform, and the look she gave me as her eyes fell upon me in entering, was the same, half agony, half terror, fading away into the beautiful smile of sweet severity.

I stood still, spell-bound and mute, unable to move a limb in the strange sensation which quivered through every nerve. And as I stood rooted to the spot, a question asked, her in which the same curious sense of strangulation and that fearful death struggle were reproduced.

When it was over, the dark look upon the pillow, white and still, and an impulse drew me to her side. I bent over the beloved form while my tears fell upon her hair, and lovingly coiled the sweet blue eyes, while her features settled into that calm smiling repose, which I remembered so well. When I looked up the priest remained standing near me with folded arms and sorrowful features.

"You have been kind to her, and she loved you," he said gently and in a low tone. "God bless you!" And I saw that his tears flowed freely. I could not resist the impulse, and turned to him with the question:

"What is she to you?"

"She was my mother," he answered sorrowfully, "but now she is an angel in Heaven."

"I did not know she had a son," I responded in bewilderment. "She told me that her only child, a son, was lost in infancy."

"Yes, lost to her. I was but a child when my father gave me to the church, and from that day I was as wholly lost to her as if the grave had closed over her. In later years I have watched over her, since my father died, but she did not know it. To the moment of her death, she knew me not as a son, but a father confessor only. I would not bring back painful regrets and bitter sufferings to disturb her declining years, by a revelation of the truth, so she rests peacefully at last, and one great sorrow of my own life is gone. It was a comfort to watch over my mother's spiritual welfare."

I asked no more questions. All he said bore the stamp of sincerity, and I could doubt nothing, however strange, under these strange circumstances. But this dream and what followed, have left upon my mind impressions which can pass away only with my own life.

THEO LEIGH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DENIS DUNNE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

POOR FRANK.

"The best plan will be to keep Frank out of papa's way as much as possible," Ethel thought the next morning, as she stood fastening her cuffs at her dressing-room window, preparatory to going down to breakfast. She had passed an anxious night about this "boy," as she termed him, who was more like a brother to her than a nephew. Herbert Frank had appeared to be brightly oblivious of the fact of his grandfather having no overbearing affection for him. But now evidently the fact had dawned upon him, and from what he had said to her the previous night, when she had suggested that he should marry, he was rather disposed to resent it as an injustice than to strive to alter it.

"Papa feeds his wrath by looking at that wretched picture," Sir Hugo, you were a bad Burgoyne, for your fatal influence is at work even now, making papa believe that Frank's little follies will develop into big crimes. There he goes," she continued, throwing up the window, and leaning out to look after Frank, who was cantering across the lawn towards some hurdle. "Don't be late for breakfast, Frank. Good gracious, you have papa's horse," she added hurriedly; but Frank did not hear, and so cantered on, waving his hat to her as he rode. "A fool John must have been to let him take the Baron," she said aloud, in a vexed tone, as she watched the old brown hunter with the short dock going over the lawn with Frank on his back. The first morning of his visit, too, and he knows what papa is about that old horse. How could John let him make such a mistake?"

She turned from the window and went down stairs into the oak parlor, their breakfast-room when they were alone. There she found her sister, but not her father, as she had hoped. For the oak-parlor windows did not command that lawn over which Frank had been cantering, and she had hoped that his error of judgment might still pass unknown and unnoticed.

"Where's papa, Grace? Do you know that silly boy is riding the Baron? What is to be done?"

"I don't know, Ethel. I must answer that to all three of your questions. Oh! here's papa."

They went forward to kiss him as he spoke, and read in his face that their troublesome pet was safe still. Lord Lesborough's brow was serene.

"The old man is the first affield," he said, seating himself and opening the paper. "Master Frank not down yet, I conclude."

This not being a direct appeal, Miss Burgoyne busied herself with the coffee, and Ethel with the Times advertisement sheet, and neither answered it.

"While I," Lord Lesborough continued, "have already been down to the home farm walking."

"Walking! What was that for, papa?"

"The old pony caught his leg over the balustrade and threw himself down and landed himself in the night, and so, as I shall want the Baron for breakfast, I thought I would walk."

Both daughters trembled a little guiltily as the father spoke. The Baron had been spared by him at his own personal inconvenience, to what end?

"I ought to have thought of reminding Frank last night that the old brown horse is still held sacred," Ethel thought, with a twinge of self-reproach. "How could the poor boy be expected to remember such a thing?"

The breakfast proceeded slowly, and still Frank did not come in.

"Had you not better send up to Mr. Burgoyne's room, my dear?" Lord Lesborough asked, as he sent up his cup for a second supply of coffee. "You late walk last night, Ethel, has knocked up a young gentleman, who doubtless keeps much earlier hours when he is away from us."

When he said this, his two daughters felt still more uneasy, for Lord Lesborough was invariably smiling when he attempted to be ironical, and called Frank, "Mr. Burgoyne."

"Oh, papa, how he wouldn't pretend that it was the walk—but he had a long journey yesterday, you know," Ethel remarked deprecatingly.

"I suppose his mother carried him tea up, when he came down to live with her, when ever he has?"

Lord Lesborough turned away in looking himself up into a rage with his grandson, when he began to speak of that grandson's mother.

"I dare say his mother is quite wise enough not to question his right to phrase himself in such manner," Ethel exclaimed.

It seemed to her that these would have been dispiriting remarks to the living sister-in-law to pass unheeded.

"Here he comes!—such a cup of coffee for you, Frank!" Miss Burgoyne exclaimed, smiling brightly as he came in, but the offender did not recognize either the offer of the coffee, or the smile that accompanied it. He went directly up to his grandfather, as he still held his hat in his hand, and he looked pale and agitated.

"Good morning, sir," he began. "You will be very much annoyed with me, I fear, when I tell you what I have been unfortunate enough to do this morning."

Ethel's heart sank, and her prophetic soul told her that her fears when she first saw him on the Baron had not been groundless.

"Good morning, sir. What have you done?" his grandfather replied, quietly putting down the paper, and peering at his grandson with the foreboding as he spoke. There was little of either cordiality or consolation in Lord Lesborough's manner, and his grandson keenly marked the want of these things.

"I took the Baron out this morning, and I have been unfortunate enough to let him down and out his knee in landing him over a hurdle and ditch at the end of the week lawn. I am very sorry, both for the horse and your displeasure."

He said nothing of his own dislocated elbow, and Lord Lesborough saw nothing of it. The old man was moved to a deeper anger than his soul had known since his only son had married this present offender's mother.

"Had you regarded my displeasure—had you given one thought to my wishes—you would never have touched the horse," was all he said. Then Frank turned away from him, and Ethel rose, crying out:

"Don't you see he is hurt himself, papa? Don't mind the horse—As is hurt. Where is it, Frank?"

"My arm is broken, I believe," he replied, going and throwing himself on one of the couches. "Had it been my neck, Lord Lesborough would have forgiven me for marking the Baron's knees. As it is—"

"I will send for a doctor," Lord Lesborough interrupted, rising and walking towards the door; "he will be more beneficial to you just now than my forgiveness."

"Things look well for Harold Ffrench, don't they, Ethel?" Frank Burgoyne asked, with a faint attempt at a smile, as Ethel knelt down by his side, and shuddered over the disabled limb. "He will remember this against me, I'm certain."

"Dear Frank, how could you be so reckless?" "Don't ask questions, dear Ethel. Aunt Grace, you'll stay with me till the doctor comes, won't you? And Ethel, you go and write a note to a man called Linley, telling him of my accident, and that before it happened I had time to go and see that the shooting-box at Lownds will just suit him. He may take it with the greatest safety, tell him; and add, that the sooner he comes the better I shall like it. Will you, Ethel?"

"I will, Frank. But Linley, he's just one of the very men papa does not like you being so very intimate with. Is he coming?"

"No here—catch him at Maddington! But I suppose Lord Lesborough will suffer him to come into the neighborhood and shoot the harmless partridge, and by and by hunt the deprecatory fox without questioning his right to do either. Yes, write, and don't worry me, Ethel, for, by Jove, this arm of mine—"

He paused, and did not say what that arm of his was precisely, but Ethel guessed that it was too painful to admit of polite conversation even with her just at present. So she went and wrote the letter, and then brought and perused it for his approbation.

"Will it do?" she asked.

"Yes, it will do. You have said just the right things, and not too many of them. 'Pon my word, Ethel, our understandings match so admirably, that I have often thought it a pity that a man may not marry his father's sister. Don't forget to send it off by to-day's post. Ah! here comes the apothecary."

The gentleman he thus irreverently designated being the Heusley-Burgoyne, who has come up to do his best for the injured limb, the two ladies left Frank with his doctor, and his own man, who had entered at the same time.

"His arm is worse than broken. I believe his elbow is dislocated," Miss Burgoyne said in a melancholy tone. "Poor Frank!"

"Papa is too hard, too hard," Ethel replied warmly. "It's cruel and wicked to be so prejudiced against your own flesh and blood, as he is against Frank; and Frank has always taken it so beautifully, hasn't he, Grace? Never seemed to see it till to-day."

"Perhaps papa would have been better inclined towards him if he had seemed to see it and feel it a little more; and yet one doesn't know; nothing, I fear, would ever have made him heartily fond of Frank."

"When Mr. Burgoyne is gone, we will bear how Frank is, and then have the car, and go down and call on Miss Leigh—shall we, Grace? And we'll get Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan and her to come up to dinner. It will be better to have some one, than for Frank to be alone with only papa and us in the evening. Shall we?"

"Yes, we will, dear. Not that I see how it would be possible for Frank to get wrong with papa, when he is obliged to keep quiet on the sofa; we always are in a terrible nervous state that way in here," the placid lady continued, calmly. Then they went their respective ways till such time as the doctor departed, and they might learn how great Frank's injuries really were.

Mrs. Vaughan was in such a irritated frame of mind, that she seemed to be another woman on the morning after her sister's arrival. She had gone to bed big with hope, and had dreamily fallen into dream-fraught slumbers, that were far more refreshing than dream-fraught slumbers usually are. She had supposed on the reflection that Lord Lesborough did not desire his heir to wed for money, and the supposition that Mr. Burgoyne was or was going to be attracted by Theo, she had supposed on them, and the supposition did not disagree with her.

"I shall take you round the garden and over the village this morning. Then, my dear," she said, smiling, when Theo came into the room, and seated herself at the breakfast table; "that is, if you'll like to go, I will take you; later in the day we may expect Mr. and the Misses Burgoyne."

"He said the morning, Aunt Libby."

"It will be 'morning' whenever they come, Theo; remember that. Then, on no account call it 'afternoon,' even if they should come at five, it's morning to them, and they must suppose that it's morning to you also. Can't you say anything, my dear?"

"Nothing, thank you," Theo replied. She hated the prospect of going over the garden and round the village in Mrs. Vaughan's "wheeler," it destroyed her appetite, and made her wish herself back at Maddington again. Something of this must have been visible in her face, for presently her aunt said:

"You must stay with me till you get your appetite and your runs up, my dear; you must stay with me a long time, Theo; I shall have you stay a long time."

Theo tried hard to think of something nice and pleasant to say; the effort resulted in a simple "Thank you, aunt," after all.

"I wish you to stay, I'm very anxious indeed that you should stay a long time," Mrs. Vaughan went on with a slightly flushed face, "and you ought, and so ought your parents—if they knew what was good for you, which they don't—to wish it as well instead of looking as if you thought you'd be dull."

"I do, aunt. I do wish it; dull, I don't mind being dull, I assure you."

"Well, my dear," the old lady rejoined with a perceptible softening of manner and spirit, "so much the better, and you have more good sense than I gave you credit for; I shall keep you with me for a long time, and if you have any young friend you would like to have with you to make a change, you may ask her to come and stay with you; there, what do you say to that?"

"That I am much obliged to you are very kind, I mean," Theo replied, absently. She was wondering whether she should or should not avail herself of this offer, and invite Sydney Scott down to share with her the desperate dullness of Maddington. "I shouldn't decide yet," she thought, "but if it's any one, it shall be Sydney."

She however decided that Sydney should come long before that morning walk came to a conclusion. Mrs. Vaughan was disheartening in the garden, and disheartening in the village. She would, while in the former, indulge in a prolonged weeding of a bed of variegated geraniums; and she would not suffer Theo to assist her in the task, or accede either amicably or at all to Theo's suggestion that she "might as well just walk round by herself, and come back to her aunt when her aunt had done the bed."

Mrs. Vaughan ordained that Theo should remain within conversational range, and Mrs. Vaughan's ordinations admitted of no appeal. Theo resigned herself to the situation, strove to appear interested in the account of the Maddington man, with which her aunt diversified the running commentary she was pleased to deliver on "Theo's chances in that quarter," and resolved that when the subject should be mooted again of the "young friend coming to make a change," she would mention Sydney Scott as one peculiarly adapted for the honor.

"At all events we shall be able to take long walks together, and escape from Aunt Libby with less appearance of design than I see I shall ever be able to effect alone," she thought. Then her meditations were cut short by Mrs. Vaughan requesting her to fill a watering-pot out of the garden tank, which Theo did to the detriment of her well-starched morning dress, and the consequent downfall of her aunt's amiable.

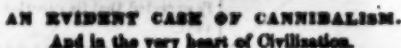
"Be careless of you, child; however your father can afford to clothe you at all, if you ruin your things in this way, I can't think. Don't tell me that 'it's nothing,' and 'that it will wash; I know it will wash, and I know that it's not nothing, for washing costs a great deal of money, and a great deal of money is what your father can't or oughtn't to spend about you. Our income wouldn't stand it, I know that.'"

"I don't carry watering-pots about and spill their contents daily, Aunt Libby; this is an out of course proceeding, remember." Theo was ceasing to be seriously affected, in other words "cut up," by her aunt's habit of reproaching stormily. She found it tedious simply, terrible no longer.

"A lady should be able to do all such things neatly, Theo; I have no patience with that ridiculous air of fine ladyism you affect. Not accustomed to carry water-pots, indeed; absurd in your position to be above such things; you would be thought far more of if you could do a little thing of the sort in a neat, graceful way, instead of being as awkward and untidy as an untrained country-girl."

Mrs. Vaughan rose from her crouching position she had taken up over the bed of variegated geraniums with the abruptness of an unguided but doubtless most righteous anger. She was checked midway in her effort to regain the upright by a terrible jerk, which made a wide rent in the white China crepe shawl she had unwisely arrayed herself in prematurely for the walk through the village. On Theo's going to her assistance, it was discovered that Mrs. Vaughan, in the heat of her argument in favor of graceful carelessness and neatness, had fastened the end of her shawl securely to the rich, heavy soil with the trowel.

"It's ruined! ruined!" she exclaimed, almost tearfully. "It's one that your father brought home the first voyage he made after my marriage; I wouldn't have had it happen to my brother's gift for the world."



is, with the end cut off, is a very convenient

Scriptural Evidence

1. A man whose David for his wife regretted.
 2. What queen from her high station was removed?
 3. What man to keep God's ark was sanctified?
 4. A king who hid his reason for his pride.
 5. What beautiful king by his two sons was slain?
 6. With whom did God's ark for three months reside?
 7. The king against whom Othniel prevailed.
 8. What daughter's love, when closely tested, failed?
 9. The store where Abraham his dead Sarah laid.
 10. Where practiced Saul the rite that he forbade?
 11. Goliath's brother, whom Heman slew.
 12. What prophet Aha's courage did renew?
 13. Who watched beside her dead both night and day?
 14. What nurse 'neath Bethel's oak did Jacob lay?
 15. Who vainly strove to see beyond God's sight?
 16. The place where trust in God slew giant might.
 17. A man whose household was by Paul baptized.
 18. What king the warning of the priests despised?
 19. What woman's son dared to blaspheme the Lord?
- And of his sin received the just reward?
- Still in his mighty vision wrap,
That which the prophet saw none else can see;
But, echoing his words, we still can cry,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come to me."

Double Rebus.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A country in Asia.
A command to soldiers.
A fish.
A country in Europe.
A heavenly body.
A near relative.

A territory.
My initials form a distinguished general.
Initials a stronghold captured by him.
Robbinsville, N. J. J. I. SINGLETON

Problem.
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Standing at the foot of a rising hill I saw standing erect the trunk of a once noble tree that had been broken off some distance from the ground, and without slipping at the broken

place, with the top of its broken end in a slight slope rested against the hill at the distance of 80 feet from the foot of the tree up along the hill. This broken off and leaning resting piece was 45 feet in length. Having then a tree

pole in my hand, and wishing to ascertain the length of the yet standing piece, and by this to know the length of the whole tree, I measured with this pole its full length of 10 feet from the top of the yet standing trunk, to the top of the fallen piece.

and scratched a mark there. I next measured with my pole its full length of 10 feet up the flange of the hill, also making a mark there. I then went up the hill to this last mark, and

Setting my pole across I found it was also
set across from mark to mark. From this, the
length of the yet standing trunk and the length
of the original tree may be found.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of land in the form of a triangle, beginning at A, and running along to line A E a distance of 60 chains. I then measure

of towards the left on ED a distance of 21 chains
I then go back to E, and continue the line AE
to the point C, a distance of 40 chains from
E then measure from the point C to D a distance
of 30 chains. I then measure from the point

distance of 50 chains to B. A is in the same straight line with B and C. Required the area of the whole triangle A B C without the aid of trigonometry.


S. G. CAGROIN.

Cubical Question.

There is a cubical box, whose length, breadth and height are each 40 inches, (inside open measure,) which is to be filled with cubical blocks

6 inches, 5 inches, 4 inches, and 3 inches, respectively, of each an equal number. How many of each will it take to fill the same?

PERCIVAL JEWETT.

 An answer is requested.

Commendums.
 Q.—What plant used in dyeing indicates the comparative degree of "crazy"? Ans.—Madder.

Q. Why is the sap of a tree like the mercury in a thermometer? A. It sinks in winter.

Q. When is a river like a rabid dog? A. When it foams at the mouth.

Q. Why would a certain noble quadruped

What letter, placed at the head of a ship, would represent military courage? Ans.—The letter L (lion).

Q. Why is the skeleton of a sermon a very unnatural object? **A.**—It has several heads.

BIBLICAL KNIGMA—"Words Bly speak
are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."
RIDDLE—The Newspaper. **CHARADE**—A
war. (Ann. St.) **CHARADE**—P. Schenck.

Morgan Stevens's answer to his PROBLEM

ublished Dec. 26th:—Base, 5.8090078 rods
perpendicular, 8.0674423 rods. Gill Bates an
as. M. Greenwood's answer is 8.000001, an
67447.

A. Martin's answer to his PROBLEM, made:—A. travelled 4 miles an hour, B. 3 miles an hour, the drove 2 miles an hour, the express 1 mile an hour, and C. to 616 miles from B.

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